In the intervals of trade—and the intervals came often and lingered, when the hermometer registered 92 degrees—the lerks at Bruce's drifted together in sparse lerks at Bruce's drifted together in sparse fibered. Then he saw the little "gobbled" darns in them. Peggy was not renowned for need ework. to. The notion counter elbowed the stocking counter, and Old Adam everybody at cruce's called him Old Adam—conversed ociably with Gregory Knox. They were the oldest clerks in the store and were get-

ing gray in the service.
"My! hot, ain't ht? Stockin's ain't runnin' eal spry today?" Old Adam said, with heerful laugh. He leaned over the couner and fanned his round, red face with notion" palm leaf.
"Well, I guess not! All the swells are out

f town and poor folks can go barefoot his weather. What's the matter with you, ld man? You don't look peart." "I guess I look as peart's I feel," Greg-

"I guess I look as peart's I feel," Gregory Knox answered.
"You're played out, sonny. What you need's a week or two off. You tackle the looss tonight and see what you can do."
A smile curved the other man's lips. It would have been a bitter smile if there had een time enough before the patient lines ettled back into place. The whole pallid, weary face was patient.
"Twe been gettin' my courage screwed. Oh, I'll tackle him: but what's the use?"
He shrugged his spare shoulders under the rusty seersucker coat.
"You goin' to try it. Adam?"
"Me? Oh, I'm all right. I get aboard my wheel at close-up, and skite out into the country a ways. Nothin' like it—not in this world. That's all the country I need. Get a wheel, man, get a wheel!"
Again the bitter smile that lost itself in patience. Gregory Knox was thinking of the wheel he was trying to get for Peggy. Both the other girls had them. He had one of his whimsical fancies that perhaps his chance might come when he got to the streets of gold.

The slow afternoon crawled toward close-up. Instantly at the stroke of 6 the clerks



would this complicated bamboo affair catch a fuller string of fish than he used to catch with his sapling? What beauties they had been! How the sun had silvered their wet Queer, how all day long he had been thinking of trout and a little thread of shadowy water, rippling under willow trees. He gazed away out of the window, and instead of listless-moving crowds a barefoot boy with a string of trout crossed

"There, sir, that's the swellest trouting outfit there'll be in the Adirondacks this summer! You can't beat it," the boss said,

summer: You can't beat it," the boss said, in better spirits.

"No, sir—oh, no," Gregory Knox said.
"But then, it's pretty surprisin' what a string o' fish you can haul in with a sap-lin' fresh cut. You get one jest sappy enough and jest the right bigness—I tell you."

When he turned away a moment later when he turned away a moment later the boss called him back.
"Oh. I say, Knox!" he called. "I take it we can let you off for a day-say, to-morrow. We'll manage somehow. Not at all-not at all-no thanks, man! Wish you

Gregory Knox had not thanked him

e seemed no occasion. The thread of water ran under willows a hundred

thrk water ran under willows a numeround fifty miles away.

The boss had relented suddenly. The blood of Izaak Walton, running in both their vetns, had forged a link of good fellowship between him and the little old clerk. Such a siender link! What would a day off—one day—avail over a hundred and fifty miles? But in the morning Gregary Whox followed a sudden impulse and and fifty miles? But in the morning Greg-ory Knox followed a sudden impulse and slipped down to the sea to catch a glimpse of ma and the girls. He had not meant to go until the last minute, and he went in his shabby store suit and forgot to change his shirt. On the train remorse assailed him sharply. What would ma say? No, cer-tainly not; ma must not see him in that dublous guise—ma who was making her dublous guise—ma, who was making her one-month-long struggle for gentility in a great hotel by the sea. It was her one chance for the year—hers and the gtris. They dreamed of it, and pa worked for it

"I ought to have fixed up for ma's sake and the girls'," thought Gregory Knox guilt-lly, and in a minute the holiday's zest had vanished. He settled back dully on the hot velvet cushions and made his plans wearily. He would keep out of sight—that would be easy enough in such crowds—and ma and the girls need never know he had been there at all. It would be nice lest to see emenjoyin' themselves, he said. "I'll keep on the outskirts, out o' their sight; my old clothes won't do 'em any harm that way."

Poor little stocking counter clerk! He had

But when he had settled himself on the great, hot beach, hidden in the lee of a mighty bowlder, whom should he see dancing down the beach toward his hiding place but Peggy in her dainty bathing suit. She was all alone, and she made a pretty picture to pa's admiring eyes.

Peggy was the baby and his favorite. In his oulet secret way he worshiped at little

his quiet secret way he worshiped at little Madcap Peggy's restless feet. The other girls Madcap regry's restless feet. The other girls called him pa, but she called him daddy. How pretty she looked in that little blue and white rig! The little oil-skin cap perched on her brown head had a saucy, witching air. But Gregory Knox shrank back in the lee of his rock. A minute too late, daddy! Par Pagery had seen him.

darns in them. Peggy was not renowned for need ework.
"Poor dye, slazy weave," he thought.
"Couldn't have come from Bruce's. Mine are fast black and you can't see daylight through 'em, either."
"Fire away, daddy. Don't you see the lady's waiting?"
Peggy's clear, laughing voice interrupted his thoughts, and brought him back from the stocking counter at Bruce's to the great, hot beach with the sea at his feet.
"Er-why, yes, Peggy, yes. What was I sayin'?"

"That's the trouble; you weren't saying a solitary word, Daddy Knox! Just moon-

a solitary word. Daddy Knox! Just mooning—or selling stockings!"
"Sellin' stockings—you've hit the nai!. Peggy! That's what I was doin', sure. It kinder comes second nature to me. That's what I expected to be doin' this minute, but the boss gave me a day off, so I ran down here—I hankered to see a little harum-searum girl o' mine. But you see" (he lowered his voice confidentially), "I never thought to fix up, so I'm keepin' dark. I wouldn't have your ma see me this way for the best pair o' silk stockin's at Bruce's."

Peggy eyed the crumpled shirt bosom with

for the best pair o' silk stockin's at Bruce's."

Peggy eyed the crumpled shirt bosom with palpable disfavor. Her eyes trave ed over the shabby little figure, taking in the shiny seams and the frayed edges disapprovingly. How little and—and seedy daddy was!

"Yes, ma'd have a fit—two fits," she said promptly. You'll have to remain incog., daddy. Now, I don't mind—I'm not in full dress myself! So I'm willing to fellowship with you. I'll run up across lots to our room and tell them I'm not going down to dinner, and then I'll trouble you for a silver half dollar, kind sir, and buy our 'unch at a restaurant. And we'll eat it right here out of a paper bag! Larks!"

Her eyes were still on daddy. She was seeing many new things—the hollows in his temples, the patient droop to his lips, the whitening hair around his baid spot. She was seeing how "stoop shouldered" daddy was getting to be, and how tired—tired—tired he looked. It seemed to Peggy, lying there in the warm sand beside daddy, as if she was just being introduced to him. She reached out a little sea-browned hand and slowly threaded the scant gray hair between her fingers. The softness and silkiness of it surprised her. She had never known before that daddy's hair was soft and silky.

"But it's thin, daddy. I believe to my

but I could haul in the most fish every time. Sim warn't much of an angler. He'd lay with his eyes shut and say poems to me. Poor Sim! That's about all the

me. Poor Sim! That's about all the -I m poetry he ever had, or me, either. It now!

a day.

"Take my day off, you know, daddy," she said, gaily. "You won't mind having me keep house for you a day, will you? I can boil tea to perfection, and I'll make you ritters for breakfast. Then I can do some shopping between times. If you're a very good old daddy indeed, I'll buy my stockings of you!"

snopping between times. It you're a very good old daddy indeed, I'll buy my stockings of you!"

On the next morning but one daddy went down to Bruce's with a long face. It was the morning Peggy was going back to ma and the girls. He had taken it for granted, and it filled him with homesick misery. It had been so pleasant to have the child at home. She had taken his lonely old heart

home. She had taken his lonely old heart by storm.

He hung up his hat and began mechan-ically to straighten some of the boxes in one of the tiers behind the counter. He had not thought to say good morning to old Adam, as usual. It was Peggy—gay, little, harum-scarum Peggy—daddy was thinking of.

or.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Knox, good day to you, sir!" some one out in the aisle was saying. It was the boss. He leaned over the counter and pulled his sleeve. "I say, Knox, you don't look pulled together yet. You need another day off. Why not take—say, a feet night, and go segreewhere trout ishing ortnight, and go somewhere trout fishing-Adirondack way, you know? Can as well



But it's thin, Daddy, I believe to my

"Now, what'll I get?" he mused, idling along lazily and refusing to look at the familiar faces of the clerks. "What do Peggies like? Fancy notions of some sort—I may have to go to Old Adam's counter now! Not if I can help it. It's too near



HE FELT AN IMPULSE TO VAULT OVER THE COUNTER.

would be like reviewin' a poem, though, jest to go back and lay under the willows at home. Shady? Well, I guess. And cool? There un't a cooler place anywhere cool? There ain't a cooler place anywhere in the heat o' summer than the bank o' that old troutin' stream was—no sir. And you could hear the stiddy song o' the water—it never stopped—and smell the pine needles he't up with the sun in the middle o' the day. Smell good, did it? I get to hankerin' after that smell hot days behind my counter, among the stockin's. Yes, sir, when the good Lord gives me a whole week off I'm goin' home to go troutin' with my brother Sim."

He woke out of his day dream a minute

He woke out of his day dream a minute later, in time to see Peggy skimming over the beach toward one of the looming hotels in the background of the sea. She had forgotten all about her dip in the surf. She came back again, by and by, with the paper bag of lunch, and they ate it together in the lee of the big boulder. Daddy was very gay and scarcely noticed Peggy's preoccupation. She said good-bye to him in midafternoon and he waited alone for train time.

"Ma," Peggy said, coming upon her suddenly, with her novel, on the broad hotel veranda, "Ma, it's played out. I'm going up home. I'm going tonlight—this very tobelight that ever is. I guess daddy'll be glad to see me, and I've got enough of this place. I'm too young to flirt around with the girls, and I'm too old to dig in the sand with the bables. That's what I'd like—to have a little red pail and a shovel and lig. That's living. But as long as I can't, I guess I'll go home. I'm going upstairs now and pack up."

How pretty she looked in that little blue and white rig! The little oil-skin cap perched on her brown head had a saucy, witching air.

But Gregory Knox shrank back in the lee of his rock. A minute too late, daddy! For Peggy had seen him.

"Daddy!—of all things, great and small things! Daddy Knox!"

"Yes, it's me, Peggy," he answered meekly.

"It is, as sure as I live! But where'd you drop out of—a balloon? Did you come on the wings of the—but there isn't any, not a breath! Well, tell me about it, daddy."

She threw herself in the sand beside him and dug the toes of her bathing shoes deep in. Her long black stockings stretched out

my old stand, and I'm not a stockin' tender yet—not till tomorrow."

He could not decide on what to get. He distrusted his own wisdom, in anything but stockings. Ah, yes, stockings—why not? Peggles all wore stockings, and suddenly he remembered the rusty-black, gobble-darned stockings his Peggy had worn that day at the beach. He would have to go down the stocking counter aisle after all. "Stockin's it is, then," he said, tramping away in that direction.

But just at the turn he looked down the alsle and uttered a low murmur of astonishment. He could scarcely credit his eyes. He was getting old, and they might be failing him. But nearer yet the vision was the same. He knew it was Peggy behind the stocking counter. Peggy! He stood and watched her. She was waiting on a customer, and did not see him. Her face was a little pale and weary, but she smiled ingratiatingly and twirled the stockings about with an air of long acquaintance with their kind.

Peggy! In an instant it was all clear to him. He knew it was to Peggy he owed his beautiful two weeks of rest. It was Peggy's

doings.

He felt an irresistible impulse to vault He felt an irresistible impulse to vault over the counter like a boy and take Peggy into his arms. The sly, little, harum-scarum girl, to cheat her old daddy! He wanted to squeeze her pale little face between his palms and kiss it a hundred times. He wanted to scold her, and thank her, and get her away from that place. The stocking counter at Bruce's was no place for blithe little Peggy.

counter at Bruce's was no place for blithe little Peggy.

The customer was turning away and Peggy was putting back the boxes. Even from that distance daddy could see that she put one in the wrong place.

In the moment of starting down the aisle he changed his mind. An instinctive delicacy restrained him, and he hurried around the corner out of sight.

No, he would not spoil Peggy's little scheme. She would like it better to have it go on uninterrupted. Peggy was "traveling incog" now; he would wait. But he told himself that by and by he would have it out with Peggy. There was a reckoning day ahead somewhere.

He went home and waited. Close up at

Bruce's was at a sharp, but it was late twilight when Beggyncame home. She knew daddy would betthere, and she had lingered on the way. He heard her coming in and called outsbrusgaely:
"Who's there? "Hold aup your hands!"
"Can't do it, daddy: athey're plum full. Why don't you have a light?"
She spoke with nervous hilarity, mumbling something indistinct about trains that lost time and herdic men that went around Robin Hood's bath to unload their passengers. in his hand, and he was absently twisting and untwisting it. Peggy saw the tragedy coming. She got there just in time to see daddy regarding the torn bag in dismay, while fragments of ham sandwiches oozed out and dropped to the floor.

"T'll pick 'em up—don't stoop, daddy," she said quietly. "Peggy Knox!" cried daddy.

"Peggy Knox!" cried daddy.

"Don't mention it—sh! I'm traveling incog," whispered Peggy. Then they both laughed and settled comfortably for the trip home. Peggy explained rather ambiguous-

lost time and herisic men that went around Robin Hood's bain to unload their passengers.

"I'm the advance guard, you know, daddy," she cried. "Ma and the girls are coming tomorrows. I had a let—mm—that is, the month's upa Normore putting on airs for the Knoxes! Where are you you, daddy—on the bouch? It's dark as a pocket."

"A man gets all-powerful fagged out tendin' stockin's.a The couch oughter be the place for him." he groaned dismally. She felt her way to him across the room. At the couch she knelt beside him and felt for his face.

"If I find the crow's feet I'll know it's you and not a counterfeit daddy. Here we are! Daddy Knox, where are the other two?"

"Under the willows, beside a trout stream, Peggy. How many feet would you have a crow have? Aren't two enough?"

Taken off her guard, Peggy put her lips to his ear and whispered:

"Did—did the fish bite, daddy?"

The day of reckoning was at hand.

UNUSUAL PIE RECIPES.

Queer Ti..ngs Used in Various Parts of the Country. rom the American Kitchen Magazine.

The "pie-belt" is generally supposed to be best developed in New England, but I doubt if in quantity or kinds of pies any state therein can quite equal some of the middle states. Marvelous ingenuity has been shown in the invention of certain pies that are more or less local, and that in a few more years will doubtless have be-come absolutely unknown. It is only in localities too remote from railroads to have a variety of foreign fruits brought at all a variety of foreign fruits brought at all seasons of the year, that such recipes as some I am about to describe still survive. In farming districts, where pie is considered a necessary article of diet in at least two out of three meals, when the season of small fruits has passed, housewives have only apples and dried fruits to fall back upon with which to make pies. So it is not strange that some recipes quite unknown to urban families should have been devised. There, too, in pies as in preserves, variety is counted of consequence. In localities where elderberries are made into jelly and marmalade, they are also used for pies.

Ples made of dried apples, stewed and mashed, are common in springtime in various parts of the United States, but, as far as I can learn, it is less customary to make them of a mixture of dried apple sauce and green currants. As a little girl, many a quart of green currants have I picked and stemmed, some for plain currant pie, others to sprinkle in the dried apple pie filling, and others to stew for sauce. Where fresh fruits, save apples, are rare or unknown, any acid flavor, I suppose, is grateful after a long winter. I have been told that the sour leaves of both wood and field sorrel (Oxalis and Rumex) are sometimes pressed into service in pie-making in some of the Canadian provinces. In parts of the west, farmers' wives gather the green fruit of the wild frost-grape for pies, though I think this, is more "to make a change," as they say, since the grapes biossom and mature so late that in most places there must be other fruits before the grapes are large enough to cook.

Speaking of these wild grapes, I wonder if country housewives still preserve them according to a fashion I well knew a generation and more ago. It was always called "laying down." You would hear one neighbor say to another, "I've been laying down my grapes." One or two frosts were considered necessary to ripen the fragrant clusters hanging from the wild vines that easons of the year, that such recipes as

The name rheumatism is applied to great variety of affections accompanied with pain in the joints or muscles, some of them more of a gouty or uric acid nature, others probably of infectious origin, and others still the expression of some disease of the nervous structures.

tism is a disease characterized by pain and swelling in one or more of the joints, usual-ly the larger ones, such as the knee, to-gether with fever of more or less intensity. gether with fever of more or less intensity. It is a disease of temperate climates, especially in cold and damp regions, being very seldom seen in the tropics. It occurs in this country chiefly in late winter and early spring, although it may occur, particularly on the seacoast, at any time of the year. In England it is said to be most frequent in the autumn.

quent in the autumn.

It attacks persons between the ages of fifteen and forty more commonly than those who are older or younger.

Physicians are not yet agreed as to its nature, although many now incline to regard it as a germ disease. It begins gradually, with slight aching in the limbs, sore throat and a general feeling of depression. The appetite falls, the tongue is heavily coated, often there is complaint of neadache and of chilly sensations, and the sufferer is generally "out of sorts." There is feverishness, and as this increases, pain and swelling appear in one or more of the large joints. The joints attacked are hot, red and exquisitely painful, and have every nature, although many now incline

and exquisitely painful, and have every appearance of being severely inflamed. All these symptoms may disappear in a single night from one joint and appear at the same time in another; and so the disease may go on, attacking one joint after another, those first affected recovering much of their tone and function. One of

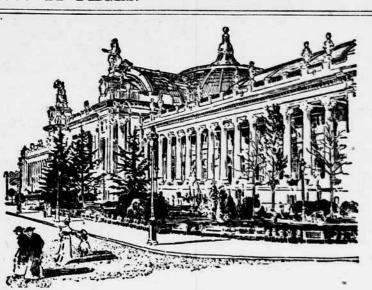
much of their tone and function. One of the characteristic symptoms is profuse per-spiration; the skin is not red and dry, as in most fevers, but cool, moist and sometimes actually dripping with sweat. The disease may come to an end in a week or ten days, or it may go on attacking cont after joint, and when all have suffered it may begin over again, and so go on indefi-ritely. As long as the rheumatism is con-fined to the joints there is little danger alfined to the joints there is little danger, al-though occasionally death results from ex-cessive fever; but there is always danger that it may attack the lining membrane of the heart and cripple the organ permanen ly. Rarely it attacks the membrane of the brain, causing violent delirium or death

The Maiden's Wish. From the Philadelphia Press.

"I'm going to hug you," he cried. "Forewarned is forearmed, you know." "Four-armed?" she murmured, blushing ividly; "would that you had been fore-

The Sleeping Sentinel. Mary L. C. Robinson, in Life.

One day she laid aside the little cap
That framed so fittingly her pensive face,
And with a purple ribbon caught the lace
That, like a soft cares, entwined a throat
Round as a bird's that pours forth love's giad note
Then, as she sought her image in the giam,
She saw—or seemed to see—a shadow pass,
And heard—or seemed to hear—a gentle rap;
"Tap, tap—tap, tap—Sweetheart, art thou within?"



GRAND PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

FINE ARTS EXHIBIT

A Description of the Galleries at the Paris Exposition.

WORKS OF AMERICAN PAINTERS

pressive than anything afforded by the exposition.

The best of the exposition vistas are those obtainable from the new Alexander III bridge, down the Seine and over the Esplanade des Invalides, from the Pont de l'Alma and from the Trocadero toward the Eiffel tower, and vice versa. But none of these compares in beauty or picturesqueness with the views about the "Court of Honor," the view from there looking toward the Art Palace or the general view of the exposition buildings from the lake, at Chicago. And while the various European exhibits at Parls may be more numerous, more comprehensive, more carefully selected and more advanced in certain ways than those which were at Chicago, the exposition as a whole creates no such general impression of magnitude and importance as was created by the Columbian exposition.

Inartistic Structures.

the buildings reproducing features of "old Paris" are exceeding y picturesque and well placed—though these last are not exposition structures in the specific sense any more than are the buildings of the various foreign powers—some of which are admirable, while others are needlessly hideous—or those of the numerous concessionaires from various parts of the world.

The grand palace of fine arts, in which the contemporary art exhibits of the various nations are shown, is far better adapted for its purpose than was the art palace at Chicago, but in its exterior it is not nearly so dignified or impressive as the Chicago building. Both the grand palace and the palace of retrospective art are most admirable in their general features, but both are disfigured by portals that are at variance with the other portions of the structures and that depreciate the fine effect their beautiful colonnades would have fect their beautiful colonnades would have had if unbroken by such disproportionate

and inharmonious projections. Contemporary Art.

The exhibit of contemporary art is no quite so large as that made at Chicago and while some nations show to better advantage here others were more creditably represented there.

The contemporary art exhibit of France is enormously larger here than was that at Chicago, but it averages about the same in quality. Many of the pictures exposed in Chicago are in evidence here, prominent among which are some of the strong portraits by Bonnat, including the Ernest Renan, the beautiful portrait of Madame Gauthereau and other works by Cortois; the Horses of Besnard, the nude dancing figures of Collin, and so on. Many of the leading French painters are represented here much more fully than at Chicago, notably among them being Roybet, who exhibits, among other strong works, his colossal "Charles the Bold, at Nesle," which was shown at the St. Louis exposition three years ago, and Jean Beraud, with his somewhat irreverent interpretations of biblican subjects with types of character, costume and scenic surroundis enormously larger here than was that character, costume and scenic surround ings borrowed from the Paris of the pres ent time.

Constant's "Victoria." Then there is Benjamin Constant's por

trait of Queen Victoria, in royal robes and rown, seated on the throne. This, while one of the most pretentious, is one of the most inefficient of Benjamin Constant's works. The figure of the queen presents the appearance of an overfed ghost. It the appearance of an overted gnost. It emphasizes the least attractive feature of the monarch's personality in its outlines, it lacks substance and gives no suggestion whatever of the queen's womanly character and dignity. The figure is entirely subordinate to the architectural details and gorgeous adornments of the throne. In color the composition is monetoness. the composition is monotonous.

One painter alone, in the French section stands head and shoulders above his fel-

stands head and shoulders above his fel-lows—Dagnan-Bouveret—who was very in-adequately represented at Chicago, but who is seen here at his best. His "Last Supper" is the most impressive picture in the French section. In conception, in composition, in color and in all artistic qualities it is one of the great pictures of our time. "The Conscripts"—bought by the French govern-ment a few years ago—is another of Dag-nan's particularly fine works shown, and this picture ranks among the masterpieces of art.

In Retrospect. In the French retrospective sectionsenting the past hundred years of painting

in France-which is in another part of the art palace, one finds excellent representation of nearly all the men who have con tributed toward making France famous in art—including, of course, "the men of 1830." It is a pleasure to record the fact that the United States section of fine arts is one of the most attractive of all the sections—not excluding that of France. This may seem a broad statement, but it is the truth.

The first impression of the visitor upon entering the American galleries is of restruiness. The wails are covered with a soft. gray-green material, having the effect of brocade, and the pictures are hung with liberal spacing—only two rows above "the line"—and in no way crowded. The draperies, fautelis, and so forth, conform in coloring to the scheme of the walls, and the result gives a decided feeling of relief after the heavy, conventional red-draped galleries crowded with pictures from line to cornice in most of the galleries of the other sections.

gian exhibit is also smaller than that made at Chicago, but is rather better. The gian exhibit is also smaller than that mate at Chicago, but is rather better. The Scandinavlan sections, as usual, are extremely interesting. Here painters of originality and individuality predominate. Among these men of the north one finds a sturdy, honest frankness and oftentimes a most capityating naivete. They paint the truth as they see it, and they see it through human eyes and feel it with very human hearts. The artificial plays little part with them. Of the Swedish painters Zorn unquestionably stands at the head, and in the art section of his country he is represented by his portrait of King Oscar II, by "The Mother"—an attractive young Swedish woman, with a child in her arms—and by "Midnight at Mora, June 24," a festive scene under bright sunlight. While these are pictures of great vigor and consummate art, Zorn is not so well represented as he was at Chicago, nor is Swedish art as a whole.

whole. National Galleries.

As Zorn is the leader in Sweden, so is Kroyer in Denmark. The Danish exhibit, though smaller here, is better, on an average, than was that at Chicago. Kroyer is splendidly represented by a number of important works. His "Meeting of the Royal Academy of Science at Copenhagen" Royal Academy of Science at Copenhagen' is an enormous composition filled with lifesize figures. The Norwegian section is especially strong in landscape. Exhibits of the art of Hungary and Croatia-Siavonia are in galleries adjacent to those of Austria. By the lamented Munkacsy there are two characteristic landscapes. The art exhibit of Russia is about double the size of the exhibit made at Chicago, but is not remarkable for excellence. Some of the works markable for excellence. Some of the works in the section of Finland are among the

best.

The Swiss section contains a considerable The Swiss section contains a considerable number of pictures, but few which call for special attention. There is little to attract one in the art exhibits of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Equador, Greece, Luxembourg, Mexico, Monaco, Nicaragua, Peru, Portugal, Roumania, San Marino, San Salvador, Servia, Turkey or in the small international section. The exhibit of Japan consists mainly of paintings on silk by modern artists, is handsomely installed in galleries adjoining the United States section, and is extremely attractive and interesting. teresting.

Sculpture. The sculpture exhibits are placed in the great court of the Grand Palace and in appropriate positions in the grounds outside. The French exhibit naturally is the largest and contains 640 works. Next in order are Russia, with 137; Italy, with 87; Germany,

72; the United States, 70; Great Britain, 62; Spain, 57; Hungary, 52; Austria, 45; Belgium and Switzeriand, each 37; Greece, 26; Denmark, 24, and so on.

The United States exhibit of sculpture is especially well placed. Many of the principal works are arranged in a large half-circle immediately under the great dome of the Art Palace, and others are disposed in excellent positions in the grounds. Under the dome are the large equestrian statue of General Sherman, by Augustus St. Gaudens; the enormous groups of spirited horses, the Shakespeare, the Sir Henry Vane, the Venus and Adonis and the Bacchante, by MacMonnies, and the bronse

equestrian statue of George Washington decorates the United States government

equestrian statue of George Washington decorates the United States government building, and there also is A. Phimister Proctor's "Quadriga." The Pfigrim of Augustus St. Gaudens stands in a commanding position near the entrance to the Palace of Retrospective Art.

There is enough real art at the Paris exposition amply to repay one for all the time and trouble necessarily involved in searching it out, but if all the really noteworthy productions only could be separated from the vast sea of medicerity in which they are mostly submerged a most superb

they are mostly submerged a most superb collection might be formed. CHARLES M. KURTZ. MICHAEL ANGELO'S MOSES

WHY ISRAEL'S LEADER IS REPRE-SENTED WITH HORNS.

Modern Painters and Sculptors Follow Mediaeval Art and

In one of the schools of the District is a

copy of Michael Angelo's Moses. That small statuette has been a storm center for weeks, the pupils and teachers vieing with each other in an attempt to find an answer to the question of one of the small pupils, who gravely queried the why of the horns which ornament the head of the rugged leader of the Israelites, as he is represented in this masterpiece of Michael Angelo's. A masterpiece, by the way which started out to be a Jove or some other fic-tion of the brain, but which the great sculptor finally shaped into the likeness of Pope Julius and christened "Moses." For forty

WORKS OF AMERICAN PAINTERS

How the Display Compares With That at Chicago.

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TO INDIA BY RAIL.

Only Five Hundred and Eighty-Five Miles of Road Now Lacking

From the London Mail. All that is wanted is an agreement be tween Britain and Russia as to Afghanistan.

Already the enterprising Muscovite has extended the scope of the Transcasplan railway to such a degree that Russian cars are actually running well inside Afghan territory. Kushk, an Afghan frontier town, is practically in Russian hands, and a light rai way is already under construc-

a light rai way is aiready under construction to the famous Herat.

That is the situation on Afghanistan's northern frontier. On the south British India is apparently not less active. The Beloochistan railway system terminating at Gulistan Karez, on the Afghan border, is to be extended, and aiready work is being pushed forward in order to connect Kandahar with the Indian railroad system. In central Asia Russia is actively engaged in surveying and constructing. When this is completed all that will remain in order to make it possible to train from Calais to Bombay will be to link up the chain between Herat and Kandahar—an insignificant distance of 585 English miles.

The link being made, and the Central

cant distance of 585 English miles.

The link being made, and the Central Asian railway finished, London to Bombay wi'l mean that the only chance for seasickness will be on the twenty-one-mile strip of channel between Dover and Calais.

Although the distances are nearly similar, the comparison between the sea and land journeys is in favor of the latter. By the Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez canal the distance is 6,500 miles, and the time occupied by the fastest Peninsuar and Oriental steamer is twenty-one days.

By the land route, allowing the average approximate speed to be twenty-five miles

approximate speed to be twenty-five miles an hour by the express trains, the journey would occupy eleven days, four hours, over a distance approximately estimated at 6,700 English miles. But twenty-five miles an a distance approximately estimated at 6,760 English miles. But twenty-five miles au hour is a low estimate. This speed is on the average considerably exceeded, even on Asiatic raliways, and, of course, doubled on European lines.

Two changes of cars would be necessary on the journey from Calais, at the frontier.

on entering Russia and at the Indian fron-tier. This would be occasioned by the fact that the Russian lines have a gauge nearly a foot wider than the rest of European rail-

ways.
But such a route would have its disad-But such a route would have its disavantages. The huge steamship companiwhich trade with India would be serious affected. Suez canal shares would go dow with a slump. Ita'y would suffer conside ably by the depreciation of the Brindimail route.

"Poor woman! She works hard all day, and then she's up nearly all night with the bables."
"What's the matter with her husband?
Why doesn't he help her?"
"Oh! he puts in all his time agitating for an eight-hour day for the workingman."—Catholic Standard.

Vane, the Venus and Adonis and the Bacchante, by MacMonnies, and the bronze fountain by Karl Bitter. Daniel C. French's Employer—"Was much feeling shown at your grandmother's funeral?"

Bookkeeper—"Yes; they mobbed the umpire."—Harper's Bazar.